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# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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## *DRIFTING.*

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote;

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

—*T. Buchanan Read.*

## *WHAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING.**

Work isn't all of life. There must be an object to which it is dedicated, something that shall sweeten and inspire your toil. It needs some great inspiration to make us do our highest and best, and to reward us for our toil; and so I name as the second condition of happiness, for young and old alike, *something to love.* Certainly there can be no true happiness in life without something to love, be it a parent, a child, a wife, a husband, or the friend of one's heart. For, if the law of the world be labor, its quickening spirit is love. See it in its highest and purest form in the love of a mother for her child. Nothing more tender and beautiful on earth than maternal love, from the half-conscious instinct which throbs in the breast of the little bird unselfishly seeking food for its young, to the human and holy affection which poets have sung and painters glorified in the sainted Madonna, the mother of the Lord. Beautiful also the grateful love which the child returns its parent. Yet it never can attain to an equal measure of unselfishness and devotion. It seems as if the Creator had intended to secure the welfare of the coming generations by making the love of the parent so much richer and fuller than that of the child. The love of the parent, like a mighty stream, rolls incessantly and increasingly down the ages. The love which the child renders in turn is at first like the tide that steals back again into the river, or a sudden freshet that overflows it for a season with a flood of grateful emotion.

Wonderful, too, in its inspiring and enabling power is the happy and pure love of men and women for one another. I like to take my stand at times at the newsdealer's or at the Public Library, and watch the applicants for the sensational literature of the day. To a cultivated taste, nothing can be more utterly flat, stale, and unprofitable than the average novel-reading of the day. And yet I can remember the time—perhaps we all can—when I took intense delight in this class of stories, devouring with glistening eyes and beating heart the narratives which to read now would be the greatest possible infliction. And I was right glad to hear that our excellent David Swing in Chicago confessed the same thing, and declared that his first literary inspiration came from a novel which a neighbor's boy lent him, and which he read by stealth behind the wood-pile away from his Puritan father's sight, and which was his first introduction to the world of imagination and romance.

And so, as I stand there, I can understand what it is that makes yon school-girl trip shyly in and obtain a fresh instalment of the long-drawn agony to dream and sigh and cry over; can feel a fellow-sympathy for the 'prentice-boy eagerly devouring the romance and sentiment that seem to him all the more admirable because so unlike anything he has ever encountered in life; can understand why the shop-girl is glad to exchange the bleakness of her daily experience for an hour's sojourn in the brighter realm of the imagination; and can rejoice over the staid matron, full of household cares, and yet snatching a moment, here and there, out of her domestic routine, to warm her heart again with the old-time sensation. I wish they had a more refined literary taste; and yet whether you read Sylvanus Cobb and Mrs. Southworth, or feed your imagination on the tales of a Dickens, a Charlotte Brontë, or a George Eliot, whether you experience it on the plane of a Dante and Beatrice or that of the dime novel, it is equally a confession of the presence and potency of that master passion which sways the hearts of mankind, the presence and power of love.

### HOPE.

And thus only can we arrive at the third and final requirement of a happy life,—*something to hope for.* For it is written, "Happy is the man whose hope is in the Lord his God." Life is not only labor and love, it needs a brave and cheerful outlook as well. Man is based upon hope; and, without this confident forward looking, life has lost much of its sweetness and savor. Hope, therefore,—hope that your circumstances in life which now seem contracted and oppressive, will yet open with a larger horizon of opportunities and trusts. Hope that your character, now so weak and unformed, so insufficient in the higher elements of manhood or womanhood, will yet, with faithful endeavor and earnest aspiration, grow into a nearer likeness to the Christ image in your heart. Hope for the human race, that it will not forever tread the circles of ignorance, passion, and despair, but be lifted up to higher planes of thought and life. Believe that there is a better time coming for mankind, when ignorance shall give place to knowledge, woe and suffering be exchanged for peace and gladness of heart; that the providence of God will yet justify the reformer's toil, the prophet's vision, the martyr's prayer, and man, erect in knowledge and faith, will go on from strength to strength

* Part of this sermon has been printed before.

and from glory to glory. And if here on this earth, then why not yonder in heaven? Surely there is a reasonableness in that larger hope which looks confidently for the infinite possibilities of eternity to continue and fulfil this brief and transitory life. Says the apostle, "He who has hope in this life only is of all men most miserable." It may not be so with you, my friend. You may not feel it now with your pulses throbbing with the keen enjoyment of existence, your hearthstone still gathering each night the unbroken circle of your loved ones. But let old age draw nigh, let the visitations of the death angel come upon your home, let your dearest and best be taken from your side, and, believe me, as you stand by the open grave that has received to itself the form of your beloved, that mighty question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" will become to you the all-important problem of human existence, and as it is answered will be the happiness or unhappiness of your life.

Something to do, something to love, and something to hope for,—such are three conditions of all happy living. Then when your hand is worthily employed, your heart warmly enlisted, and your hope is in God, the stream of your life will flow peacefully, contentedly onward, until it reaches the appointed end where its waters are mingled with the ocean of eternity.—*C. W. Wendte.*

## *THE STILL HOUR.*

### WALKING IN WHITE.

*"They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy."*—REV. III. 4.

O Lord, my God! 'tis early dawn,
  And I would walk with Thee to-day.
Clothe me with garments white and clean,
  All bright and beautiful, I pray;
Grant I may walk with greatest care,
  So I may keep their lustre bright;
To-day, my Father, hear my prayer,
  And let me walk with Thee in white.

The road was thorny yesterday,
  Because I walked so far from Thee,
Yet oft I heard Thee kindly say:
  "Come nearer, child! Come near to me!"
With garments soiled at yester eve,
  I grieved to view their shameful plight;
To-day, my Father, oh, retrieve,
  And let me walk with Thee in white.

No thought, no word, no deed to-day
  That e'er may grieve my blessed Lord;
No idle loitering by the way,
  But simply trusting in Thy word.
Whate'er my hands may find to do,
  That may I do with all my might;
To-day, my Father, pure and true,
  Grant I may walk with Thee in white.

The failures of the yesterday,
  The cares that may to-morrow come;
Each tear, each fear, now chase away,
  And guide me on my journey home.
And when the evening shadows fall,
  And I come bending in Thy sight,
Then may I feel, my Lord, my all,
  That I have walked with Thee in white.

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Thou, O God, hast created us for thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in thee.—*Saint Augustine.*

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Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw into your work such strength of muscle as God has given you.—*Carlyle.*

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Live near to God, and so all things will appear to you little in comparison with eternal realities.—*R. M. M'Cheyne.*

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Those who have finished by making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.—*Colton.*

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When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it. The form of your prayer should be the rule of your life. Every petition to God is a precept to man. Look not, therefore, upon your prayers as a short method of duty and salvation only, but as a perpetual monition of duty. By what we require of God we see what he requires of us.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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What will be my daily cross to-day? Perhaps that person with whom Providence has placed me, and whom I dislike, whose look of disdain humiliates me, whose slowness worries me. Or it may be that person that has quarrelled with me, and my imagination makes me fancy myself watched, criticised, turned into ridicule. He is always near me. All my efforts to keep separate are frustrated. By some mysterious power he is always present, always near. This is my heaviest cross. The rest are light in comparison. Circumstances change, temptations diminish, troubles lessen. But those people who trouble or offend us are an ever-present source of irritation.—*The Interpreter.*

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### PRAYER.

O God, who art and wast and art to come, before whose face the generations rise and

pass away, age after age the living seek thee and find that of thy faithfulness there is no end. Our fathers in their pilgrimage walked by thy guidance and rested on thy compassion: still to their children be thou the cloud by day, the fire by night. Where but in thee have we a covert from the storm or shadow from the heat of life? In our manifold temptations, thou alone knowest and art ever nigh; in sorrow thy pity revives the fainting soul; in our prosperity and ease it is thy spirit only that can wean us from our pride and keep us low. O thou sole source of peace and righteousness! take now the veil from every heart, and join us in one communion with thy prophets and saints who have trusted in thee and were not ashamed. Not of our worthiness, but of thy tender mercy, hear our prayer. Amen.—*James Martineau.*

## *THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.*

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 60 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

### OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers the following books: "The Minister's Wooing," Harriet Beecher Stowe; "The Marble Faun," Nathaniel Hawthorne; "The Wide, Wide World," Elizabeth Wetherell; "Fulham Lawn," Miss Thackeray (paper cover).

Mrs. Charles B. Wetherell, 9 Hilliard Street, Cambridge, Mass., offers a set of W. E. Channing's Works.

### REQUESTS.

*Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.*

1. Miss A. J. Dawson, Estmont, Virginia, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1911 and *Delineator* for 1912.

2. As I have not been getting much reading matter of late from the Cheerful Letter Club, I thought I would ask for some papers and magazines,—in fact, anything readable,—as I am not able to be on my feet much of the time this spring, and some reading would help pass away the weary hours. I am truly grateful for all kindness. Mrs. J. H. Smith, Route 3, Eureka, Kansas.

3. I should like to have a correspondent or two, and some reading matter. When I wrote before, my name was Nellie Amos, but now I am married, and we are striving to bring up our two little ones in the right way, but have so very little to do with. I should be glad of anything educational. I have one little boy in heaven, and I feel lonely and almost in despair at times. I would especially like to have a magazine called *Little Folks.* The little girl I used to write to used to send it to me, and I should like it so much for my little girl. Mrs. Nellie Craig, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 97.

4. Mrs. Mary J. Hall, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 97, living in an isolated place, asks for any reading.

5. Mrs. Emma Blankinship, Sandy Level, Virginia, will appreciate pictures for her two little boys, and *Woman's Home Companion* or *Ladies' Home Journal* for herself.

6. Rev. M. N. Royal, Cottage Grove, Alabama, writes: "My most pressing need for my work as a minister is a copy of the Revised Bible of 1901, revision published by T. Nelson & Sons, N.Y."

7. I should like very much to have the following two books: "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot, and "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," by Louisa Alcott. I have been a constant reader of the *Cheerful Letter,* but this is the first time I have written you, although I believe my mother and sister have. May Gordon, Tryon, Nebraska.

8. I have received requests from Post-office Mission correspondents (ministers) for the following books: Channing's "Works" (the one-volume edition); "History of the United Netherlands," Motley; Francis Parkman's histories (any or all). Any one who has one or more of these books to give may write to me for the address of a minister who asks for them. *N.B.*—Please do not send the book to me, only the offer. (Miss) L. Freeman Clarke, Coolidge Point, Magnolia, Mass.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The address of Mrs. J. W. Jennings, formerly of Raleigh, North Carolina, is at present unknown.

## THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

### EARLY LESSONS IN KINDNESS OR CRUELTY.

"Thoughtless and unfeeling conduct," says Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, "which rapidly develops into downright cruelty, is exercised first and most largely toward the brute creation because of its helplessness and the larger opportunity. It may begin very early. An innocent baby will, in his exuberant happiness, squeeze a poor kitten nearly to death, and try to put his fingers into its eyes; but the baby's innocence is no reason for allowing him a pastime which gives pain to a living creature. The kitten has rights which even a baby can be taught to respect; and the baby has the right to an early training which will make him, by and by, a benevolent and humane member of society, and not a selfish and thoughtless one."

From the societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children we can learn how often little children are cruelly treated by those who ought to protect them. It is but a natural sequence. When the father was a baby, he tormented the kitten; as a boy he abused the dog; as larger boy he bullied the smaller one; and as husband and father he tyrannizes over wife and children. He has never learned to control his temper; he has never known what it was to protect the weak; he has never learned to regard the feelings of others; what can you expect of him now? The child's sense of justice is keen, and he knows when he is punished simply because father or mother is in a temper and must vent it upon something. Is it any wonder, then, that the child grows surly and resentful, that he learns readily to deceive, and that the life of the father is repeated over again in the child?

Many a mother gives all unconsciously to her child his first lesson in cruelty. Baby is seated upon the rocking-horse, a whip placed in his little hands, and he is told, "Now, whip the old horse and make him go." Katie is teasing the cat and making her cry, and the mother says, "Don't pull the pussy, she will scratch you." Tommy is pinching the dog to see him squirm, and she says, "Don't hurt Rover, Tommy, he might bite you." O mother, do you realize that you are teaching your child that there is no harm in inflicting suffering upon anything provided he is not himself hurt by it? Johnny starts to run across the room, trips over a chair, and bumps his nose on the floor. Johnny howls, and his mother says, "Naughty chair, to make Johnny hurt himself: beat the old chair"; and she immediately proceeds to administer condign punishment to the unoffending chair. She is teaching the child that, instead of controlling his temper, he may give full vent to it, and that, if he is hurt, instead of bearing it like a man, he must revenge himself upon something, whether innocent or guilty. What will be the result of such a training?

When the thaw came after the great blizzard and the water was running in rivers in the gutters, two little girls of eight and nine were seen holding a tiny kitten under the water until she was almost drowned, then lifting her out to revive, when they would again put her in the water. These were children of families of good social position in the church and in society; but what home heart-training could they have had, and what kind of mothers will they make in the years to come?

Baby stretches out his little hand for the fly buzzing on the window-pane, and laughs and crows with delight as he crushes it in his tiny fist or pulls from it limb after limb. These first destructive instincts should be checked then and there. If Baby is old enough to have those instincts developed, he is old enough to be restrained from them.

I quote from another: "I know of a baby fourteen months old who has been taught not to touch flowers, but only to smell them; and not to touch the cat, although he is perfectly delighted with her. After a while, when he is old enough to understand, he will be allowed to touch her very gently; and he will be much more likely to always treat animals kindly and gently than if he had been allowed to handle the cat or other pets as he would a toy that squeaked when it was pinched."

Most children do not mean to be unkind to their pets: it is thoughtless ignorance that makes them treat them as they do.

Do not place in the hands of your child such toys as whips, guns, and swords, but teach him rather that needless wars and cruelty are crimes. Teach him to find delight in studying the birds with an opera glass instead of shooting them, and to take pleasure in feeding them rather than in robbing their nests. There is no surer way to teach a child to be unselfish and thoughtful for others than to make him considerate of the feelings of his pets, yet this fact seems to be utterly lost sight of in the training of many children.

The following incident which took place on a railway train illustrates another way in which some mothers unconsciously give to their children lessons which will develop results they little dream of. The gentleman who told the story said that it reminded him forcibly of what we are all too apt to

forget,—that our children do as we *do*, rather than as we tell them. He said: "On the two seats in front of me sat a mother and three children, aged about three, five, and eight years. They had evidently been travelling a long distance and were thoroughly tired out. The oldest, a boy, was twisting about in his seat after his mother (evidently anxious that he should behave well) had told him to sit still. Out of patience, she hit him a sharp blow on the leg, which made him cry a little, after which he sat with a sullen look on his face, evidently feeling the injustice of his punishment. In a few moments his little brother did something that displeased him, and he immediately gave him a slap in perfect imitation of what had been done to him. This action received a very slight reproof. I felt strongly tempted to talk pleasantly with the mother and try to show her the inevitable result of such treatment. I have been very sorry ever since that I did not, for I believe that every mother really wishes to do the best that can be done for her children."

Strange, indeed, that so little attention should be paid to developing tenderness of heart, yet we all know that the strongest, noblest man is he who unites with that strength tenderness and pity for the weak things of earth. Teach the child to be brave and strong, for to protect the weak and helpless often requires great moral courage. Teach him that it is cowardly to abuse any being weaker than himself, and that he must respect the rights of every creature. Teach him never to find his pleasure at the expense of another's pain, and to love and protect whatever is dependent upon him. Think you that a child so nurtured could deal harshly with wife and children when grown to man's estate, or spend his earnings in the bar-room when his family were suffering for food? Show the children what an immense amount of happiness they gain for themselves in the love and devotion won from their four-footed friends, and open out before them an endless field of interest in the study of the wonders of the animal creation. Teach them that dumb creatures feel and suffer, that they have intelligence, that they have hearts full of faithful affection for us if we are only willing to receive it.

O loving mother, put your child into the arms of Old Mother Nature and let her fill his heart with pure and innocent and holy thoughts! Teach the little one to love the woods and the fields, the flowers and the birds, and to call his horse and his dog his friends, and you have added to his capacity for happiness a thousand fold. Give him a glimpse of the wonders to be seen in the study of the animal creation, and you have opened out before him a field of interest and pleasure which a lifetime cannot exhaust. There is no surer safeguard you can give your boy than to send him into the world with this love of Nature filling his heart. He has learned to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and to know the Creator, not as an abstract being, but as a living, breathing Presence. The man whose heart has been thus kept pure and tender, whose soul is filled with divine love and compassion for the suffering dumb creatures whom he calls his friends, can never become hardened in sin: it would be a moral impossibility.—*The Mother's Nursery Guide.*

## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### HOW A CAT ADOPTED A HUMAN BABY.

Of all people the writer should regard the cat sympathetically, for when she was a baby of five months she was adopted by a cat. My self-elected foster-mother was Jenny, a handsome black-and-white cat, which at that time lost her first litter of kittens, through the attack of a savage cat from the woods. She was as Rachel crying for her children, when she seemed suddenly to comprehend that I, although larger than she, was an infant. She haunted my cradle, trying to give me milk from her own breasts; and later she brought half-killed mice and placed them enticingly in my cradle, coaxing me to play with them, a performance which pleased me much more than it did my real mother. Jenny always came to comfort me when I cried, rubbing against me, purring loudly, and licking me with her tongue, in a way to drive mad the modern mother, wise as to the sources of children's internal parasites. This maternal attitude toward me lasted as long as Jenny lived, which was until I was nine years old. Never during those years did I lift my voice in wailing that she did not come to comfort me; and even to-day I can remember how great that comfort was, especially when my naughtiness was the cause of my weeping, and when, therefore, I felt that the whole world, except Jenny, was against me.

Jenny was a cat of remarkable intelligence and was very obedient and useful. Coming down the kitchen stairs one day, she played with the latch, and some one, hearing her, opened the door. She did this several times, when one day she chanced to push down the latch, and thus opened the door herself. After that she always opened it herself. A little later she tried the trick on other doors,

and soon succeeded in opening all the latched doors in the house by thrusting one front leg through the handle, and thus supporting her weight and pressing down with the foot of the other on the thumb-piece of the latch. I remember guests were greatly astonished to see her coming thus swinging into the sitting room. Later she tried the latches from the other side, jumping up and trying to lift the hook; but now her weight was thrown against the wrong side of the door for opening, and she soon ceased this futile waste of energy; but for several years she let herself into all the rooms in this clever manner, and taught a few of her bright kittens to do the same.

A pet cat enjoys long conversations with favored members of the household. She will sit in front of her mistress and mew, with every appearance of answering the questions addressed her; and, since the cat and the mistress each knows her own part of the conversation, it is perhaps more typical of society chatter than we might like to confess. Of our language the cat learns to understand the call to food, its own name, "scat," and "No, no," probably inferring the meaning of the latter from the tone of voice. On the other hand, we understand when it asks to go out, and its polite recognition to the one who opens the door. I knew one cat which invariably thanked us when we let him in as well as out. When the cat is hungry, it mews pleadingly; when happy in front of the fire, it looks at us sleepily out of half-closed eyes and gives a short mew expressive of affection and content; or it purrs, a noise which we do not know how to imitate and which expresses perfectly the happiness of intimate companionship. The cat's whole body enters into the expression of its emotions. When feeling affectionate toward its mistress, it rubs against her gown, with tail erect, and vibrating with a purr which seems fundamental.

While we feed cats milk and scraps from our own table, they have never become entirely civilized in their tastes. They always catch mice and other small animals and prove pestiferous in destroying birds. Jenny was wont to bring her quarry, as an offering, to the front steps of our home every night: one morning we found seven mice, a cottontail rabbit, and two snakes, which represented her night's catch.

The cat loves warmth and finds her place beneath the stove or at the hearthside. She likes some people and dislikes others, for no reason we can detect. She can be educated to be friendly with dogs and with birds. In feeding her, we should give her plenty of sweet milk, some cooked meat and fish of which she is very fond; and we should keep a bundle of catnip to make her happy, for even the larger cats of the wilderness seem to have a passionate liking for this herb.

### CATS SHOULD BE TRAINED TO LEAVE BIRDS ALONE.

Every owner of a cat owes it to the world to train puss to leave birds alone. If this training is begun during kittenhood, by switching the culprit every time it even looks at a bird, it will soon learn to leave birds severely alone. I have tried this many times, and I know it is efficacious if the cat is intelligent. We have never had a cat whose early training we controlled that could ever be induced to even watch birds. If a cat is not thus trained as a kitten, it is likely to be always treacherous in this respect. But, in case any one has a valuable cat which is given to catching birds, I strongly advise the following treatment which has been proved practicable by a friend of mine. When the cat has made the catch, take the bird away and sprinkle it with red pepper, and then give it back. One such treatment as this resulted in making one cat, which was an inveterate bird hunter, run and hide every time he saw a bird thereafter. Any persons taking cats with them to their summer homes, and abandoning them there to prey upon the birds of the vicinity, and to become poor, half-starved, wild creatures, ought to be arrested and fined. It is not only cruelty to the cats, but it is positive injury and damage to the community, because of the slaughter of beneficial birds which it entails.—*"Handbook of Nature Study," Anna Botsford Comstock.*

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## *NOBLE LIVES.*

### V.

### WILLIAM HULL.

*(Continued from June number.)*

At the close of the war, William Hull, then thirty years old, having had all this experience behind him, full of energy, health, and talent, began to practise law in Newton. He must have been successful, for during the next twenty years he built a large house at Newton Corner and travelled extensively in America and Europe. He bought and sold lands in Georgia, Ohio, Vermont, and elsewhere. He went to France during the French Revolution, and, I believe, took a cargo of some sort to England.

Meantime he was very happy when at home in Newton, where he had a large family growing up around him. Of his eight

children seven were daughters, all lively and agreeable, and drawing many visitors to the hospitable house. It must have been a very pleasant place to visit; at least so I was told by Governor Levi Lincoln, who, when ninety years old, still remembered the gayeties of the place, where he and others had visited seventy years before. All the seven daughters were married, one going to live in New York, two to Georgia, one to Michigan, one to Maine, and two making their homes in Boston.

During these years he was a leading man in the State, and was frequently elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. In Shays's insurrection he commanded a column of Lincoln's force, which surprised and dispersed the insurgents. He was made major-general of the militia in 1796. In 1793 he was commissioner to Canada to treat with the Indians.

In 1805 William Hull received from Thomas Jefferson the appointment of Governor of Michigan Territory, and also that of Indian agent. All the white inhabitants of the territory amounted to less than five thousand; but the Indian tribes were numerous, warlike, and needed to be treated with much wisdom. The object of Governor Hull was to civilize them, and to turn them, if possible, into citizens.

Detroit, where the Governor lived during his seven years' administration of the territory, was then more difficult to reach from New York than it is now to go to China. It was necessary to traverse Lake Ontario and Lake Erie on small sailing vessels, which sailed only occasionally from Buffalo and from the other ports. He was asked, as war with England and with the Indians seemed imminent, to accept a commission of brigadier-general in the United States army, and lead a body of troops to Detroit to protect the inhabitants. He refused the commission, and Colonel Kingsbury was appointed in his place; but, this officer falling ill, Hull at last consented to take the command. He collected his troops in Ohio, and cut a military road through the wilderness and on reaching Detroit found that war had already been declared against Great Britain. Everything had been mismanaged at Washington. So dilatory was the Secretary of War in sending him notice that the British at Malden heard first that war had been declared, and captured a vessel in which General Hull had sent his stores to Detroit. General Dearborn, who was to have cooperated with him by invading Canada from the east, instead of doing this made an armistice with General Brock, the British commander, which enabled him to concentrate all his troops against Detroit. Although General Hull had, during several years, urged again and again on the government the importance of building a fleet on Lake Erie, nothing had been done, and the lake was in the possession of the British fleet. Provisions soon became scarce; the woods were filled with hostile Indians; his supplies were stopped, his communications cut off. Under these conditions his post became not tenable, and he surrendered,—for the same reasons which had compelled Burgoyne to surrender at Saratoga and Cornwallis at Yorktown. But these two British generals had put themselves voluntarily into a position where they were surrounded and cut off from their supplies. General Hull went, in obedience to orders, to Detroit, depending on the support which had been promised him by his government, and which was never given. Burgoyne and Cornwallis returned to England, and, instead of being condemned for their surrender, were rewarded with other and higher positions. General Hull was punished by the government which had deserted and betrayed him by being made the scapegoat for their own mistakes and their own incapacity. A victim was necessary to appease the disappointed hopes of the nation, which had been taught to believe that Canada was to fall an easy prey to our arms. The anger of the people must be diverted from the government which had plunged into a war without preparation. At this juncture they found a serviceable tool in Colonel Cass. He went directly to Washington after the surrender of Detroit, while General Hull was prisoner of war in Canada, and wrote a letter Sept. 10, 1812, in which he threw all the blame of the disaster on his general. In this letter he informed the government "that, if Malden had been immediately attacked, it would have fallen an easy victory." But Colonel Cass himself had voted in a council of war, with a majority of officers, *against* such an attack. In this letter he states that there was no difficulty in procuring provisions for the army. But a month before this was written, and four days before the surrender, this same Colonel Cass wrote to the Governor of Ohio that the communication with Ohio must be kept open, as the very existence of the army depended upon it, and that the supplies must come from that State. And on August 3d he wrote to his brother-in-law that "both men and provisions were wanted for the very existence of the troops." Yet Cass's letter and testimony was what diverted the anger of the people from the government upon General Hull. It was published as

an official account of the surrender in all the newspapers of the Union. Its author, Colonel Cass, was immediately rewarded for this service (for he has performed no other which could excuse such advancement), by being promoted from his position of colonel in the Ohio militia to that of brigadier-general in the army of the United States. He also was appointed Governor of Michigan in place of his old commander.

At the time when General Hull surrendered Detroit, the condition of affairs was as follows: His provisions were nearly exhausted. Communication by the lake was impossible, that being in the hands of the British, and remaining so until Perry's victory. His communications through the woods by land were entirely cut off, and two efforts to reopen them, made by strong detachments, failed. The territory itself could furnish no supplies, as it depended on Ohio and Indiana for its own. By the fall of the American forts on the upper lakes all the hostile Indians * were set free to attack Detroit. Brock had more troops, numerous Indian allies, ample supplies behind him, and the lake in his possession. Hull might have fought a battle, but, if he had won it, his position would have remained nearly the same. A victory would not have opened the woods or given him the lake; but a defeat would have caused the massacre by the Indians of the white inhabitants of the territory. General Harrison, well acquainted with the country, foresaw and foretold the coming disaster. That it was inevitable that Detroit must belong to whichever nation held command of the lake appears from the fact that General Harrison, after the surrender, advanced to within a short distance of Detroit and was obliged to remain there a whole year, unable to move upon that place until Perry's victory gave the lake to the Americans, when the British commander evacuated at once both Detroit and Malden, without waiting for the American forces to appear.

When the court-martial was summoned to try General Hull, the officer whose neglect of orders had caused the whole disaster was appointed its president. This was General Dearborn, who was to have co-operated with General Hull by invading Canada on the east; and who, instead of this, had committed a gross military blunder by signing an armistice which enabled the British troops to be concentrated against General Hull. The acquittal of Hull would have been the condemnation of Dearborn. And thus a man was made judge of the case who had a personal interest in the conviction of the accused.†

The charge of treason was abandoned by the court as being wholly untenable. They found that General Hull was guilty of cowardice in surrendering Detroit, sentenced him to be shot, and told him to go home from Albany to Boston, and wait there for the execution of the sentence. Of course it was not intended that the sentence should be inflicted. All they wanted was a victim, and to put him to death might make him a martyr.

Public opinion has long since reversed this sentence. The charge of cowardice has been abandoned by all well-informed writers. It was indeed absurd in itself. Physical courage, in a soldier, is very much a matter of habit. Most soldiers are alarmed in their first battle: few but show courage in their tenth. Now General Hull was the only man in the army who was accustomed to war. He had been in the thick of many battles, had led charges at the point of the bayonet, had received again and again the thanks of Congress and of General Washington for his bravery. Against this man's courage evidence was received on his trial from militia officers who had never heard a gun fired in battle.

William Hull had the one never-failing support,—the consciousness of having done his duty: on this point he never expressed a doubt. He maintained to the last, and repeated on his death-bed, his conviction that he had done right in this act, which had brought upon him so much unmerited misfortune. As a boy I used often to visit his home, and nothing could be more cheerful, kindly, and attractive than his whole manner. I never saw a cloud on his brow, I never heard a harsh word from his lips. All his grandchildren loved him, and it was a holiday when they could go to the old place in Newton. Nothing in his whole manner indicated that there was any cloud on his mind or heart.

Before his death there came a little sunshine from without also, in addition to the peace which reigned within. In 1824, by the kindness of John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, he was able to procure documents from Washington, by the help of which he wrote an appeal to the people of the United States from the sentence of court-martial. This series of letters, in the Boston *Statesman*, were read with interest all over the

* The British had made allies of these Indians.

† The Secretary of War, who with General Dearborn was responsible for signing the armistice, expected at that time to bear the blame of the misfortunes of the campaign. He wrote to General Dearborn: "Fortunately for you, the want of success which has attended the campaign will be attributed to the Secretary of War." (Records of the War Office, vol. vi. page 253.)

country. Public testimonials of esteem were offered to him by men of all parties; and a marked change took place from that time in the opinion of the community concerning his character and conduct.

This favorable opinion has been more and more confirmed by the conclusions of the best historians. The latest of these, who had written the most exhaustive account of the War of 1812, completely justifies General Hull's conduct. Benson J. Lossing, in a monograph published on the surrender of Detroit in *Potter's American Monthly* for August, 1875, calls the trial a disgraceful one, its sentence unjust, and says that the court was evidently constituted in order to offer Hull as a sacrifice to appease public indignation and to preserve the administration from disgrace and contempt. "The conception of the campaign against Canada," says Lossing, "was a huge blunder. Hull saw it, and protested against it. The failure to put in vigorous motion for his support auxiliary and co-operative forces was criminal neglect." Lossing adds that in choosing to surrender Detroit Hull "bravely determined to choose the most courageous and humane course; and so faced the taunts of his soldiers and the expected taunts of his countrymen rather than fill the beautiful land of Ohio and the young settlements of Michigan with mourning. To one of his aids he said: 'You return to your family without a stain: as for myself, I have sacrificed a reputation dearer to me than life, but I have saved the inhabitants of Detroit, and my heart approves the deed.'"

General Hull, as we have said, spent his last days at Newton, on his wife's farm, in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. His means were very limited, and he was often in quite straitened circumstances, when he was supposed by the ignorant to be revelling with "British gold," for which he had sold his country. A large part of his support he derived from the produce of his farm. And none of his grandchildren will ever forget the happy hours spent at his house in the Thanksgiving holidays. Nor can we ever cease to remember the bounteous Thanksgiving dinner, nor the long table around which the company assembled, nor the satisfaction of our grandfather, when, at the beginning of the feast, he spread his hands above the board and said, "All that you see on this table, my children, is the produce of my own farm."

There is something instructive in the story of such a life. It is one of the lessons which will always bear repeating, which show us that the peace and joy of the heart come from a consciousness of right-doing rather than from outward circumstances. It is probable that General Hull, fallen on evil days and tongues, was quite as happy, fully as contented, as when his life led from one success to another. The "stupid starers and the loud huzzas" were gone, but the self-approval remained. Cast down but not destroyed, persecuted, but not forsaken, he realized the description of the poet:—

"Thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast taken with equal thanks."

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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From the letters received by General Hull, after the publication of his "Memoirs," we give the following extracts:—

FROM ROGER M. SHERMAN TO GENERAL HULL.

"FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT,
"March 21, 1825.

"I cannot forbear expressing to you the great satisfaction I have derived from the perusal of your 'Memoirs of the Campaign of the North-western Army.' So far as I know the public sentiment, they are deemed a satisfactory and unanswerable vindication. Your proofs are conclusive, and no mind, however prejudiced, accustomed to the weighing of evidence, can resist the inferences you make from them. This remark is extensively verified in the circle of my own observation. I am happy that you possessed such ample means of doing an act of justice to yourself, your friends, and your country."

FROM CHARLES P. SUMNER TO GENERAL HULL.

"BOSTON, March 11, 1825.

"I feel it my duty to express to you my humble opinion that your Memoirs have had and are having the desired effect of reinstating you in the good opinion of impartial and disinterested men: this is the effect wherever I have had an opportunity of hearing their opinion, and it is the effect on me, although I am one of those who had some degree of prejudice to your disadvantage.

"I am unknown to you, but there are thousands equally unknown that are daily imbibing and recovering the most respectful sentiments towards you, and believe that your character will not suffer in the estimation of unprejudiced posterity by any comparison that can be instituted between you and any of your more successful contemporaries."

FROM DANIEL PUTNAM, SON OF GENERAL PUTNAM, TO GENERAL HULL.

"BROOKLYN, CONNECTICUT,
"Sept. 25, 1824.

"If I advert to the season of youth, when under the appellation of '*Rebels*' and, as it

were, with halters about our necks, we were among the number who opposed a powerful enemy and never *quailed* at his approach, why then I know not how to associate a lofty spirit and a patriot heart with dishonor.

"If I call to remembrance the laurels which then encircled your brow, and the deeds of renown which drew forth the thanks of Washington in general orders and those of Congress inscribed on their journals, I recognize you as the gallant Colonel Hull, at the head of his partisan corps, and do not forget how I rejoiced in the well-merited fame of my friend. . . .

"When the news of your capitulation reached us, and the epithets of *'Coward,' 'Traitor,'* etc., were bellowed lustily from so many mouths, and rung long and loud in our ears, I thought, *as I now think,* and when, after a long delayed trial, I read your defence before the court-martial, and the cruel sentence of that Court, I marked you as the *'scape-goat'* on whose head the errors of others were laid, to divert the public indignation from their own; but I never did believe your blood would be shed to expiate their sins: it was a sacrifice too daring."

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT AS NARRATED BY ONE OF GENERAL HULL'S GRANDCHILDREN.

"BOSTON HIGHLANDS, June 25, 1877.

"I was present at the house of my uncle, Isaac McLellan in Boston, when General Lafayette made a special visit upon my grandfather. It was very touching to witness the meeting of the old compatriots in arms. General Lafayette embraced my grandfather in the French form, laying his hands upon his shoulders, and said, among other words of gracious welcome, 'We both have suffered contumely and reproach, but our characters are vindicated: let us forgive our enemies and die in Christian peace and love with all mankind.'"

## *A WOMAN JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.*

ORIGINAL METHODS OF JUDGE GARRETT OF WYOMING—SHE SETTLES NEIGHBORHOOD QUARRELS WITH THE AID OF SAVORY DINNERS, AND PREVENTS SHOOTINGS AND DIVORCES BY MOTHERLY ADVICE.

Ex-Chief Justice Groesbeck of Wyoming lately advised Marion Hamilton Carter to interview "Judge" Garrett. "Most remarkable woman in the country," he said. "Power in politics. She can do anything—cook a dinner, shoot a wolf, shoe a horse."

The interviewer meant to spend three days with Mrs. Garrett. She stayed a month, and came away much impressed with her hostess's kindness and strength of character, and with her unique court methods. In the *Saturday Evening Post* of December 30 she gives an interesting account of them.

Mrs. Garrett's "precinct" covers about three hundred square miles. The families are scattered. Stock-raising is the only industry, and most of her cases have to do with cattle.

She is game warden as well as justice of the peace: she does not hesitate to arrest reckless and heavily-armed hunters if she catches them shooting antelopes out of season, and, though some of them are rough characters, they never think of resisting.

Besides doing the hard work of apioneer's wife and bring up her five children, Mrs. Garrett's big heart and her native wisdom, combined with her courage and energy, have made her a providence to all the region round about. She nurses the sick, comforts the dying, and helps those who are in trouble. Of her law cases Mrs. Garrett is reported as saying:—

"I find I can settle a large part of them out of court—at the dinner table. I like to do this whenever I can, because in a community where one has so few neighbors, quarrels among them do not help anybody and often develop into very ugly situations. Men drive up to the ranch sometimes knife mad at each other."

GOOD DINNERS SOOTHE TEMPERS.

"On days when I have cases set, I always cook an extra good dinner. Many of the men who come in on assault and larceny cases have been keeping bachelor's hall; and their meals are made up of soda biscuits, bacon, flapjacks fried in grease, potatoes, and canned stuff, all of it pretty badly cooked. A good dinner of fresh meat and fresh garden vegetables—I have one of the best gardens in the county—makes a great difference in their feelings, besides giving me a chance to find out what spleen they show toward each other."

AN AMUSING CASE.

"I remember one time in particular, when I was so full of laugh I could hardly keep in. I had both the men at the table, and I'd say, 'Mr. Carr, will you please pass the potatoes to Mr. Bailey?' 'Sure!' 'Mr. Bailey, will you kindly pass the bread to Mr. Carr?' 'Why, certain!'

"They looked daggers at each other, but they had to be civil to me, and they were

afraid of showing bad feeling and prejudicing their cases. By the time I cut the pie they were talking together as pleasantly as possible.

"It was one of the most interesting cases I have tried. Bailey had rented a ranch and bought some furniture of Carr—about eighty dollars' worth—which he promised to pay for on a certain date. When Mr. Carr went for the money, Bailey put him off. Carr went back on the date set and was put off again. He went again, and, when he was put off the third time, he got mad and said: 'I'll get it out of you somehow, to-day—I ain't agoin' to be kep' ridin' acrost the plains after it all winter.'

"Bailey laughed and told him he couldn't 'get blood out of a stone,' and Carr replied by slapping his face.

"Seeing that Carr was furious, Bailey got frightened and ran to take refuge in the bunkhouse, whereupon Carr drew his gun and fired at him twice, one bullet entering the bunkhouse door close to Bailey.

"According to Bailey's version, his two little children were playing in front of the bunkhouse when Carr fired. But Carr said that no children were anywhere about, and he brought two witnesses to prove that the children were up in the hills a mile away."

SHOOTING CHILDREN NOT ALLOWED.

"I thought the case pretty serious. If men want to shoot each other, that's their lookout, but shooting round little children is a different matter; so I was prepared to give the heaviest sentence possible if what Bailey said was true. Carr also claimed that he fired in the air to frighten Bailey, who, he believed, was running to the bunkhouse after a gun.

"One of Carr's witnesses was a boy named Alec Murray, and, while we were all at dinner, it came over me that I could get the truth out of him.

"I examined the witnesses separately, and, when Murray was sworn in, I asked him, 'Alec, do you fully understand the meaning of this oath you have just taken—that you are to tell me the truth and you have called God to be your witness?' I talked to him a while and read him from the statutes the punishment for perjury. 'Now,' said I, 'tell me, just as you would to your own mother, what happened.'

"He told the story straight, precisely as Bailey had told it, confessing before he was through that Carr had coached him, and afterward hired him to work on the ranch.

"Mrs. Carr had come along with her husband. She was a huge German woman, and had considerable property when Carr married her. She had ridden thirty miles on horseback to see him through. I allowed her to sit beside me during the proceedings, though she had no part in the case.

"After Alec Murray had given his testimony I said to Carr: 'This is a pretty serious offense you're charged with, Mr. Carr. You have not only attempted a man's life, but you have risked the lives of two helpless children that your own witness says were playing close to the man you fired at.'

"Before I could say another word Mrs. Carr broke out at her husband: 'I hear enough aboudt you! Vat you do dot for, you fool? You vas big enough to knock him all to liddle bits mit your fists. But you go und shoodt mit a gun, like you vas afraid of dot scoot! I am ashampt I be vife to a man vat can't use his fists, but got to fire off guns by liddle children playin' by bunkhouses! Vat are ve comin' to in der community?'

"Carr looked as though he'd like to sink through the floor. He hadn't been prepared for this sort of attack from his wife, for of course he'd told her only his version of the story.

"Before I could speak she turned to me and cried: 'Mrs. Garrett, I vant you to fine him goot und hardt—so he gets a lesson he don't forget aboudt shooting ven he could use his fists for it. Und I pay you der fine myself. I write you check right off now—how much is it?'

"So I fined him and she paid, thanking me with tears in her eyes for the 'good lesson' I had given her man; and she invited me to come down to her place and spend a week hunting deer, and bring my friends and have 'von grand time.'"

STOPPING A SEPARATION.

"I once put my good-dinner-first theory to a practical test in a separation case. A young couple, living about twenty miles off, drove over to consult me about the steps they must take in getting papers, for they had decided to separate."

THE WIFE'S GRIEVANCE.

"They arrived late in the forenoon as I was about to get dinner, so I sent the man out to do some chores about the corrals and attend to his team, and had the woman help me with dinner. This gave me a chance to hear her side. Her man, she explained, was gadding about and staying on other ranches—wasn't providing right for her and

the baby—wouldn't chop wood or pack water—so there was no use trying to stay with him any more—they must part; and she cried at the thought of leaving him, and said she'd 'love him through everything,' even if he left her."

THE HUSBAND'S SIDE.

"I left her peeling potatoes and went out to talk with him. His side was that her cooking wasn't fit to eat—the house was in a mess and the baby too dirty for a man to touch. His home wasn't fit for him to live in—so there was no use trying to stay with Rosie any more; but tears came in his eyes at the thought of leaving her, and he said he'd 'love her through everything,' even if she left him.

"I got dinner on the table, and they sat down with my own large family. I had made oyster soup with canned oysters: I opened a can of plum pudding and tossed together three or four pies. Fortunately we had just got a quarter of beef, so I had a fine English roast besides vegetables.

"I piled the plates for my sad young couple, and, even when I saw they could eat no more, I kept urging pie and pudding on them until the man said, with a grin, that he believed I wanted to bust him open. She, poor little thing, said, 'Nobody knows the treat it is to fill yourself full on somebody else's cooking.'

"By this time they were too full to quarrel, and I took them into the sitting-room and put them in rocking chairs.

"'Now,' said I, 'I've been thinking over this case, and it seems to me there's right on both sides. You,'—to him,—'being the man, ought to chop the wood and pack all the water—she's not strong enough for it. You say Rosie doesn't cook. If you would provide things to cook, she would cook them; but no woman can get up a meal if she hasn't anything to do it with. If you buy her flour and sugar, and the other things she needs, she'll get you up as good meals as anybody would want, and what she doesn't know she's willing to learn, aren't you, Rosie?'

"'Yes, ma'am. I'll learn to cook anything he likes fer him!'

"'And you're willing to try to keep the house and the baby in better shape?'

"'Yes, ma'am—sure I will!'

"'But, Rosie,' said I, very seriously, 'no man likes a dirty baby or a messy house, and, if you don't keep things nice after this, you mustn't blame Will if he goes off to a home that is attractive.'

"'I wouldn't go nowheres else,' he said, 'and she'd orter know it.'

"'There's another thing you haven't stopped to think of,' I went on. 'There'll be talk among the neighbors and all sorts of reasons given that won't be true as to why you separated—and you can't stop the talk.

"'You both love each other more than any one else in the whole world,'—he hitched his chair a little nearer hers,—'and you'd rather cut off your hands than give each other up. I see it—you needn't say anything about it! So I have decided that I won't hear this case now—I set it for hearing six months from to-day. What I want you to do is this: go home and make a fresh start and see how things pan out. If you both try your hardest for six months and can't make a go of it, come back and I'll hear the case.'

"I never saw a happier couple! That was the end of their separation. They have a large family to-day, and are well-to-do and respected."

YELLOW BISCUIT AND PORK.

"A good many separation cases, I find, resolve themselves into a too prolonged diet of yellow biscuits and pork; and a little friendly help in showing a woman how to make good raised bread or some extra dainty her husband likes wards off the catastrophe. I have done more with the kitchen than the courtroom in keeping the peace of my community."

HAS SERVED FOUR TERMS.

"I have served four consecutive terms—eight years—and I enjoy it. It is a great study in human nature."

NO PIES LIKE MOTHER'S.

"I have been asked if my work as justice does not interfere with my home duties.

"No more than going to a matinee or downtown shopping interferes with the city woman's home duties. I have done most of my housework for a large family. To-day my two daughters are married. I have two grown sons and a little girl; and every one of them says: 'There's no place like home and no pies like mother's.'

"I have superintended the ranch for months at a time during my husband's business absences, looking after the home stock, milking, making butter, feeding chickens, planting and weeding my garden. I look after the irrigating, doing part of it myself, see to the haying, helping the men rake or load when we are short-handed. In some seasons we have cut 120 tons, and that means cooking for four or five extra men that are hearty feeders."—*The Woman's Journal.*

## THE HYDROPHOBIA SCARE.

Mrs. Caroline Earle White, who has for many years been president of the Woman's Pennsylvania Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is indignant over the false reports circulated of rabies among dogs, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and will institute a movement to have erected in different portions of the city refuge buildings where stray dogs can be held until the society can take charge of them.

The latest false reports of a mad dog arose over the desperation of a starved, homeless dog near 25th and Catharine Streets. It was a large black-and-white animal known as "a carriage dog," which bit four persons before it was killed, and was then reported to have had rabies. The matter was carefully investigated both by Mrs. Halvey, the manager, and Mrs. White, the president. It was ascertained that a policeman was not bitten, as reported, and that the dog was not mad. Sergeant Farley and other policemen saw the dog a half hour before the excitement, and all unite in saying the dog was not mad, but ill-tempered on account of suffering from hunger and thirst.

The Society vigorously protests against the custom of declaring all dogs mad which become vicious from suffering or cruelty. Mrs. White says:—

"What our society advocates is that dogs inflicting bites or wounds upon human beings should be kept and watched for a certain time to see if any symptom of rabies develops; if not, as will assuredly be the case in the largest proportion of instances, those bitten can rest comfortably and run no risk of being frightened into lissophobia.

"Our plan for overcoming this evil would be to have receiving stations thickly scattered through our city, and to these refuges could then be taken all homeless and friendless dogs found running at large. Once secured, the Society would take them in charge, so that they would no longer be a menace, real or imaginary, to the safety of the citizens."

The following resolution was adopted by the Society on February 23:—

"*Resolved*, That in view of the continued reports regarding stray dogs infesting our city streets, which reports, being extremely liable to exaggeration, interfere with the peace of mind of our citizens, we wish to ask the co-operation of all citizens, in our efforts for the securing of stray and homeless dogs. A call sent to our office, 36 South 18th Street, by 'phone (Locust 390, Race 1010), will be immediately answered with instructions as to possible methods of relief."

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All humane societies that have taken the responsibility of collecting homeless dogs testify to the fact that among the dogs they have received into their shelters rabies has been practically unknown, and from the many bites their agents have received from cross, frightened, or nervous dogs not one agent has had hydrophobia.

The Animal Rescue League has made every effort possible with its limited finances to establish receiving stations in different districts of Boston, but, while much complaint is made wherever homeless and neglected dogs or cats are troubling a neighborhood, the public interest in the simple, practical work of establishing receiving stations is very small.

The Animal Rescue League has to struggle for money sufficient to support its headquarters and the few receiving stations it now has, and the earnest appeals it has made for funds with which to support a branch work in Jamaica Plain, East Boston, Dorchester, South Boston, have brought no results.

The League established a receiving station in Roxbury three years ago. 1,910 cats and kittens and 140 dogs were taken to that station last year by residents of Roxbury. The expense of carrying on this station is over four hundred dollars a year, not counting the time and expense of sending the runabout every afternoon to take the animals from there to 51 Carver Street, Boston, yet very little interest has ever been shown by Roxbury residents in raising money to help the League carry on a work that is such a blessing to that district.

It should be possible in every district to raise enough money to enable the League to have a receiving station in that district.—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

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"A few days ago I saw a cab driver, who was waiting for a job, put his arms around his horse's neck, hug him with affection, and talk to him caressingly, as a mother might talk to her baby. I stopped and asked him how much he supposed the horse understood of what he said. Looking at me rather reprovingly, he answered: 'Of course he understands it all. Why, that twenty-year-old horse knows a great deal more than I do.' 'How do you make that out?' I said. 'Why,' said he, 'he knows enough not to get drunk and I don't.'"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

## A CONFIDING RED-EYED VIREO.

Some years ago I spent a summer in Maine, on a farm, and, needing out-of-door life, I began to study and notice birds, with increasing enthusiasm. I would place building materials in a little tree just outside the window, and watch from a couch the different birds that took cotton, feathers, strings, etc., thus often tracing the nest. Chippies, kingbirds, phœbes, swallows, robins, orioles, and yellow warblers bore away their choice until little was left. One day late in May, when only a few scraps of cotton were remaining, there appeared a small, greenish bird, clinging to the lower side of the limb, collecting cotton, with which it flew to the orchard.

I knew it for a vireo, but was not sure which species it was, and did not stop to look at my book, but was out of the house and in pursuit, just in time to see the bird light in the remotest tree in the orchard. On walking about this tree, I came directly to the nest, scarcely five feet from the ground, practically completed, firmly laced to a forking branch, semi-pensile. It was a very dainty affair of pine needles, dried grass, lichens, cast-off spider cocoons, bits of newspaper, shreds of birch bark, and an occasional string and bit of cotton.

I was not sure which vireo it was, but was surprised to find the nest so low. With the purpose of determining, I went, a day or two later, to look at the egg I thought might be there. It was toward early evening, and I walked straight up to the nest with no idea of the bird's being on it. When within a few inches of it, she flew off, but did not leave the tree. I hastily examined the two white eggs, speckled chiefly at the larger end, and left. I visited her several times on succeeding days, always finding the bird on the nest, where she remained, though I stood close to her. The most noticeable thing to me was the red iris. One day I recalled Bradford Torrey's delightful account of a Woodland Intimate, or the feeding of a solitary vireo, and it flashed over me that I could perhaps feed this Red-eye, since she was so confiding that she had never left the nest on my account except the first time.

I hastily caught a small, succulent green grasshopper and slowly, cautiously advanced my hand till the grasshopper was within easy reach of the bird. The male kept up a constant scolding in the top of the apple-tree containing the nest, while I stood trying to win his wife's confidence. It seemed many a weary minute that she sat motionless or with a slight suspicion of fear in her little red eye, cowering closer to the eggs. Then, just as my hand ached intolerably, and I was about to withdraw it, she made a slow movement of the head toward me, and hastily snatched the grasshopper. I was delighted and praised her audibly for her discrimination and confidence. She devoured several more grasshoppers very readily, once the ice was broken. The male bird all the time seemed anxious and kept up a continual scolding. I made visits once or twice daily thereafter, and she was perfectly fearless about taking food, eagerly accepting small flies and grasshoppers, invariably refusing worms, and showing a preference for grasshoppers.

She would allow me to stroke her, close my hand about her, almost lift her from the eggs, reach under her, etc. Once or twice she left the nest and flew at her mate when he was making demonstrations of fear and distress, knocked him smartly off his perch, snapping her bill and scolding vigorously, then took her place again on the eggs. It was exactly as if she told him that she would not be interfered with, and that he could attend to his own affairs.

Day after day I visited her during the all too brief sitting, occasionally taking one or more companions, when my pride was hurt by her accepting food just as readily from others.

Not to be outdone by Torrey, I gave her water to drink from a silver spoon, and she drank readily, but seemed alarmed when her beak struck the spoon, half rose, uttering a low, anxious note. When she had had enough, she would turn her head away, utterly ignoring me, but could sometimes be prevailed on to take one more drink or grasshopper if touched lightly on the beak.

One day, after several days' absence, I found two uncouth little fledglings—where were the other two? There had been four eggs. I suspected that some crows might have breakfasted off them, as a pair of robber crows had devoured the contents of a robin's nest nearer the house that week.

The parents were feeding them, and, to my disappointment, the mother paid no attention to me, coming and going as if I were not in sight, and never again, with one exception, while she was brooding the young, did I have the pleasure of feeding her. When the young were about ten days old, I was confined to the house for two or three days, and, when I returned, the nest was empty.

I tried to feel that the young birds had left the nest safely, but always had misgivings that they had been devoured, as I could see nothing of them in the vicinity. Later, I

found two young, querulous vireos calling for food, and tried to believe they were mine. I watched next season in vain for her return. It has been a great regret to me that I did not have her photographed. I preserved the dainty little nest in memory of a very pleasant incident.—*Anne E. Perkins, in Bird-Lore.*

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## *FIREFLY.*

Last summer I was staying for some weeks on the shores of the beautiful Lake George.

One lovely afternoon I was driving with my friend, Mrs. K., and admiring her fine horses, who held up their spirited heads without the assistance of *those detestable check-reins*, and waved *their long flowing tails*, safe from the brutal knife, with which so many flint-hearted owners of fine horses hack off the tails of their helpless dumb property, and call the ugly, mutilated stumps "stylish."

As we were driving along, Mrs. K. asked John, the coachman, to stop for five minutes at the house of her carpenter, and got out of the carriage to give some orders, leaving me to do what I always seize every opportunity of doing; that is, to *talk with the coachman about horses*.

He was a bright, young fellow.

"Your horses do you credit, John," I began. "Their coats shine like satin."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," said he, touching his hat. "I have had them going on five years, and *I have never once laid a whip over their backs*."

"Do you know much about horses?"

"Well, I have studied them a good deal, ma'am; and early in the summer I saved the life of a very valuable horse."

"Oh, do tell me," I cried, leaning forward.

He laughed and blushed, and said: "I'll do my best, ma'am. I must begin by telling you that all the country round about here knew of Mr. L.'s insane horse. They whipped him, and shackled him, and tried to cure him; but it was of no use, and now for two days he had refused all food, and was condemned to be shot.

"I thought a good deal about the poor creature, and the day before he was to be killed I asked Mrs. K. to let me drive over and see him. On the way I stopped at the Fort William Henry Hotel. A famous veterinary doctor, whom I once saved from the kick of a horse, was stopping there. I found him smoking on the piazza, and easily persuaded him to take his bag of instruments and medicine, without which he never travelled, and go with me.

"When we got to the stable, there were a dozen idle fellows standing around and chaffing the grooms. Poor Firefly stood trembling in his stall, with every little while a big shudder going all over him. The doctor and I went near, and he turned and looked at us. I do declare, ma'am, that I never saw such a hopeless, pleading look. It made a great choke come in my throat, and I dashed off some water from my eyes before those vagabonds could see it and make fun of me.

"'Oh, come!' said one big rough loafer, 'touch him up, Jake.' Before we could stop him, Jake went into the next stall, and, leaning over, gave Firefly a sharp tap on the side of his face.

"Instantly the horse threw up his head, and dashed it from side to side. He backed out of the stall as far as the long strap would let him, and began to kick and prance furiously, his eyes ablaze, his nostrils extended, while the brutal crowd clapped and hallooed. The doctor and I watched him carefully, my heart full of pity, when all at once it came to me—I knew! yes, I knew what ailed him! and I suddenly cried out: 'Stop hollering, you loafers; the horse is crazy with a jumping toothache!'

"A roar of contemptuous laughter greeted this discovery, but the doctor had already opened his bag and taken out a bottle of chloroform. He quickly saturated the towel, and, watching his chance, threw it over poor Firefly's head.

"The creature lurched, trembled, and then began to sprawl like a drunken man, and we had hardly time to run to him before he fell heavily forward and rolled over on his side. With the help of two of the more decent men we caught him in time to lay him gently down, and then, by the doctor's direction, I sat lightly upon his shoulder, to prevent any possible movement, while the others held his feet.

"Then the doctor, holding the cloth over the nose of the horse, forced open his mouth. Oh! Oh! What a sight it was! I hope, ma'am, never to see it again! An enormous abscess filled all one side, while the rest was purple with inflammation. Two back teeth covered by the ulcer were laid bare by the forceps of the doctor. They were decayed to the very roots.

"'These have made all the trouble!' he exclaimed, and in another minute he had yanked them out. He put more chloroform on the cloth, and, taking a lancet from his bag, he cut deep into the abscess. Calling for an old towel, he softly pressed out all the stuff it held; then, asking for a basin of warm water, poured some laudanum in it, and with

a sponge he gently sponged and washed the suffering mouth and quivering, swollen gums; and then, removing the chloroformed cloth, he laid down the poor animal's head.

"'Now, Jake,' he said, 'go quickly and prepare a soft, warm mash, and see if Mr. L. is in the house. I should like to speak to him.'

"Upon hearing this, all the tramps and loafers lounged off.

"Presently poor Firefly moved feebly and opened his eyes. I got off his shoulder. He raised his head slowly while I patted and smoothed his flank and spoke kindly to him. '*It's all over, poor old fellow,*' I said; '*you won't suffer much longer.*'

"I am sure he understood me, for a soft gleam came into his eyes; then he seemed to pull himself together, and with a supreme effort got upon his legs, trembling all over, while I just kept talking to him and cheering him up, the same as if he were a human being.

"By this time the groom had brought the warm mash, and Mr. L. came with him. The doctor put a strong sleeping potion in it, and I held it and coaxed him to eat. He began to eat slowly, with a wondering look in his eyes, as if he wished to know from where this blessed relief from torture had come. His mouth was still horribly sore, but the exciting cause was gone.

"We made him up a thick bed of soft hay, and, the sleeping potion soon taking effect, the poor, exhausted creature sank down and fell into a deep sleep. Then the doctor told Mr. L. of my 'inspiration,' as he called it, and Mr. L. begged me to take a $20 bill, with his thanks, but I wouldn't. I told him it was enough reward to have saved such a fine horse from being shot.

"'Very well,' he answered, 'I will get even with you in some other way; and, as to the doctor,' shaking hands with him, 'you may be sure that your bill will be paid most cheerfully.'"

"And how did Firefly get on?" I asked, for I was very deeply interested.

"Oh, he picked up wonderfully! What with tonics and warm mashes and petting, he is one of the handsomest horses in this part of the country. Why!" exclaimed John, starting up in his seat, "I do believe that is Mr. L. and Firefly coming this way now."

I looked up the road and saw a dog-cart with a groom behind, and a gentleman driving a splendid, bright bay horse, *with no blinders nor check-rein, and flourishing a long, beautiful tail.* The horse knew John instantly, and, stopping of his own accord, tried to put his head into the front of the open carriage.

Just then Mrs. K. came out of the carpenter's shop, and this was the tableau she saw: I was holding the reins of her horses, Mr. L. sat motionless and smiling in his dog-cart, while John, who had vainly tried to push back Firefly, had handed me the reins and jumped out, and he and the grateful creature were hugging each other; that is, Firefly had pushed John's hat off, and was rubbing his head all over his shoulder, while John was petting the animal and calling him loving names.

Then Mr. L. jumped out of his dog-cart, and gallantly handed Mrs. K. into her carriage, John resumed his reins, and with cordial smiles and bows we went our different ways.

Don't let any one dare to say, after this, that horses have no reason, sense, and memory, as well as affection. Firefly knew well enough what John had done for him, and he never meant to forget it.

And now, my dear readers, you can easily see the moral of my story,—my *true* story,—and I entreat you to circulate this piece of advice:—

When a horse is fretful and seems determined to be ugly, don't tie him up with a strong strap to a strong hook in the stable, and whip him, *but send for a veterinary surgeon and have him examined.—Our Animal Friends.*

## *CONCERNING DOGTOWN.*

WEIRD LEGENDS OF A LOST CITY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

*One hundred years ago the home of the sailors' widows of Gloucester, it is now a deserted moorland—its folklore and tales of witchcraft.*

Wind-swept, abandoned, forgotten! Such is Dogtown to-day. Here and there an empty cellar tells where the village stood. Beyond this the rock-covered soil is silent, the boulders on the commons are so many tombstones rolled over graves that are sealed forever.

To the young generation Dogtown is but a name applied to an indefinite space of waste moorland extending along the North Shore. Even among the fishing folk of Gloucester its history has degenerated into a fireside tradition which has been so distorted in the telling that it has become a mere thread in the fabric of New England legendry. Yet to-day Gloucester is awakening, is asking: "Whence came Dogtown? Whither have its people gone?"

Whither, indeed! If this question is ever satisfactorily answered, it will probably be due to the efforts of Charles E. Mann, a

lover and student of the lost city, who is studying its genealogy and endeavoring to trace its history. The inhabitants of Dogtown were chiefly sailors' widows who pushed their way inland for greater security against the ever-encroaching "red-coats." For once in the history of the gentler sex, her indispensable protégé, the cat, seems to have been ignored, for the story is that every woman in the town kept a dog and that to the large numbers of these canine pets the village owed its name. At one time, justly or unjustly, the neighborhood had an evil reputation, and no traveller who could find another road passed its gates after nightfall. Such gossip, seasoned with the spice of witchcraft spoken by wagging tongues to still more eager ears, has made the unwritten history of the town.

A stranger to-day crossing the moors at sunset may chance to meet a white-haired man, slow of step, with shoulders bent, whose declining years draw him to the haunts of his childhood, where he lives again in spirit with playmates long passed on. This man is Eben Day, Dogtown's one survivor. Eighty-three years ago he was born in a hut: he went to school in the simple shed of learning which the village boasted. It was a shanty full of knotholes, through which the boys during recitation hours poked their fingers, cautious the while of truants without, whose pastime was to bite the exposed tips. Had it not been for the kindly courtesy of Mr. Day, I should never have found my way through the labyrinth of paths and by-paths that cover the Dogtown Commons, where the roads are so misleading that no stranger has been known to follow them alone. Not long ago one more venturesome than the rest attempted, towards sundown, to cross "the Nips" (a short cut between the Whale's Jaw and the Raccoon Ledge). Night found him wandering about the moors: dawn saw him give up the struggle, and, when help reached him, he was beyond needing it.

One can hardly imagine a more weird or forgotten spot, acre after acre of deserted pastures leading one into the other, where for hours one can walk and not meet a human being nor catch a sound of human voice; where the tales of witches spoken in jest and heard in heedlessness come back to one's fevered imagination with a shiver of realism; where the wind sweeps overhead with the swish and swirl of a petticoat riding astride of a broomstick; where the trees take grotesque shapes; where, like so many sentinels perched upon the boulders, ravens croak suspiciously or look down upon the intruder in a silence still more ominous. Yet, if spirits they be that guard their haunts so jealously, no petrifying power have they over Eben Day. By him every step of the way has been trodden and retrodden, and every stone is a landmark. Scattered along the Dogtown road are the olden cellars, rude excavations, now grass-grown and filled with débris, with here and there a sumach bush growing out of the decay. In front of each is a flat rock (once used as doorstep and threshold), worn and polished with the tread of many feet.

If Dogtown had its reprobates, it had its heroes as well. The stone is still shown upon which Morgan Stanwood stood to look his last farewell toward home and all that home contained. Just what form Stanwood's patriotism took is a matter of discussion among even his most ardent admirers, while some there are who allege that not he, but another, deserves posterity's apotheosis.

There is an impression a bit hazy, but popular, nevertheless, that Stanwood died fighting for his country, probably in the War of 1812.

The more central monochrome is the picture of Easter Carter, a lonely, quiet little woman whose talents seem to have been the boiling of cabbages for the young folks' picnics and the caring for the sick poor. She was not only respectable, but even aristocratic. Little more is known of her history. Future dreamers may weave a web of romance about her memory. If they blend into it a bit of joy, a bit of love and many long after years of melancholy, it may be that they will know her better even than those who tasted her cabbages or were soothed by her in sickness.

Strikingly rude in contrast is the figure of "Old Ruth," nicknamed John the Woodman. Stolid and stern she went through life, wearing men's clothes, the only suitable dress, she claimed, for one who had to do men's work. Day after day her masculine stride brought her from the village to the edge of the woods, where she felled the trees with as clean a sweep of the axe as ever was directed by the hand of man. Like Black Nell, she had been at one time a slave. No one questioned whether her freedom was bought or stolen. With Old Ruth as well as any other one may as well close the group that gathered in the foreground of Dogtown. When or how they passed behind the scenes it is hard to say. Some of their names are in the old Gloucester churchyard; but most of them were buried, where they had lived, in unmarked graves which have long since been levelled.

The village, too, has vanished. One by one the houses tumbled and were never rebuilt, the work of repairing but roughly built huts at best being an ungrateful task to the women, who for the most part were widows whose sons were at sea.

So it happened that they lived first in one place, then in another. When they were roofless, a kind neighbor accommodated them, until some even more obliging relative, dying, bequeathed them her estate. There are only two houses standing to-day. One is the old Tucker dwelling: the other is the "Castle," an unpretentious bit of architecture which was regarded as palatial by the owners of two rooms and a cellar.

The Dogtown days are over and the Dogtown people dead, yet, stumbling across the all but ruined grottos (welcome shelters during the bleak autumnal blasts of a century ago to the watchers of the sheep upon the Commons), one wonders what were the lives these people led and what the stories that these caves have heard. Can you not picture the boys huddled together, shivering with the cold, daring each other to tell, yet half afraid to hear, the tales of witches, until with the going down of the sun they crawl out and scamper home, fearful of their own shadows, and starting at every hiss of the wind in the low bushes.

Again and again I asked Mr. Day if he could not recall his mother's stories, for she is said to have been familiar with the Dogtown gossip; but, though he remembers listening, breathless, through half a winter's evening to legends which his generation has never repeated, he has lost the thread of these anecdotes. So it is that the Dogtown folk-lore, whispered with misgiving in the dim firelight or crooned in a cradle lullaby, has long ago been forgotten. 'Tis the oblivion of a lost city with only the wind to chant its dirge, only the raven to answer to the requiem of our kindred that are dead. *Rhoda Janet Walker, in Boston Evening Transcript, Saturday, April* 13, 1901.

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## *THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.*

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

### I.

FLOWER PUZZLE.

My *first* is in violet, but not in phlox.
My *second* is in aster, but not in box.
My *third* is in canna, but not in vine.
My *fourth* is in althea, but not in pine.
My *fifth* is in tritoma, but not in pea.
My *sixth* is in iris, but not in tree.
My *seventh* is in orange, but not in lime.
My *eighth* is in nasturtium, but not in thyme.
My *whole* is the time when lessons are done,
And boys and girls are free for fun.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

### II.

HIDDEN RIVERS (UNITED STATES).

1. This cream is sour, I think.
2. Oh! I ought to go.
3. It matters not what color a dog is.
4. Those who made law are often breakers of law.
5. Mildred, go to school.
6. James broke the platter.
7. That is a sacrament of the church.
8. Arise! kill the despot, O Macbeth!
9. This is a cold day.
10. Ernest Lawrence took the prize.

—*The Beacon.*

### III.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. Definite article. 3. A mountain in New Hampshire. 4. An epoch. 5. A consonant.

### IV.

HIDDEN SISTERS, OUR NAMES, PLEASE?

We are little sisters five,
That in any climate thrive.
Everywhere at home are we,
On land and on the sea.
Wheresoe'er is human speech,
There our little voices reach.
Every moment, night and morn,
We are dying, we are born.
Well you know us, little man;
Guess our names now if you can,
For you never speak a word
That one of us is not heard,
And our gentle voices meet
In each sentence you repeat.

—*Selected.*

*Answers to Puzzles in the June Number.*

I. A WHEEL.—1. Baboon. 2. Badger. 3. Ballet. 4. Balsam. 5. Bandit. 6. Banian. 7. Banter. 8. Barley.

II. ENIGMA.—I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

III. ANAGRAMS.—1. Charlotte Brontë. 2. Sarah Orne Jewett. 3. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 4. Celia Thaxter. 5. Amanda M. Douglas. 6. Felicia Hemans.

IV. FLOWER PUZZLE.—1. Goldenrod. 2. Indian-pipe. 3. Monk's-hood. 4. Venus's Looking-glass. 5. Clover.

V. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.—Harrison.

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

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Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange during the summer. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

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The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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